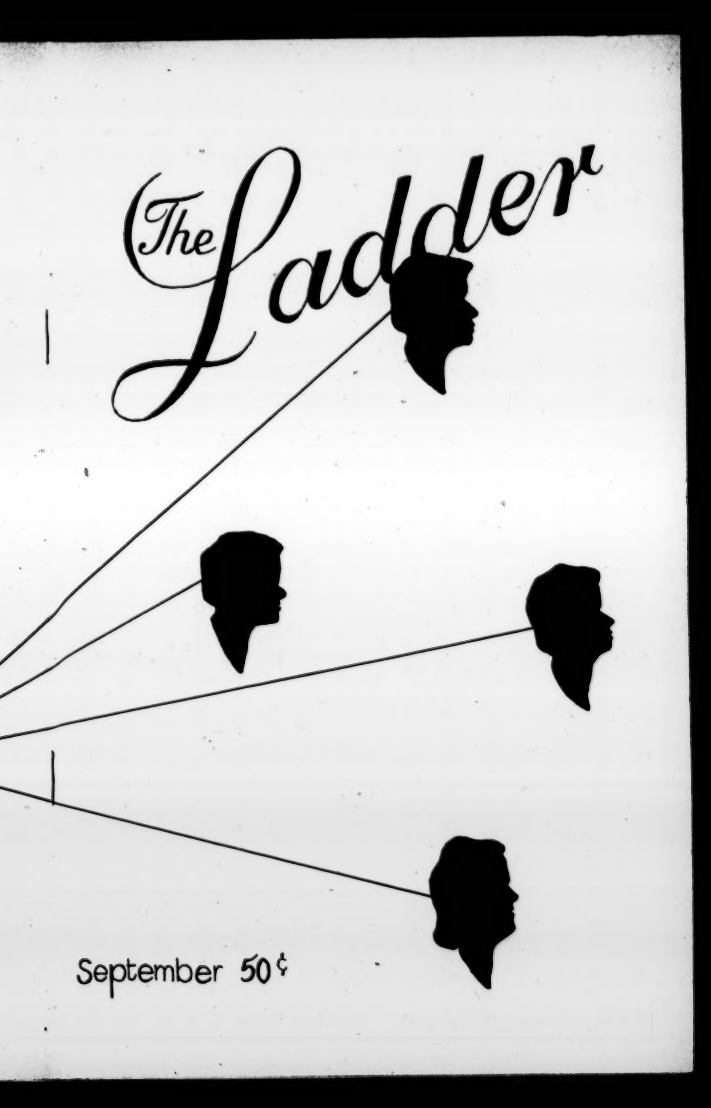
# The Ladder



September 50¢

# purpose of the

# Daughters of BILITIS

*A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:*

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications--this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

# the Ladder

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THE LADDER STAFF

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*Production Managers* – Jaye Bell, Barbara Johnson
*Los Angeles Reporter* – Sten Russell

THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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COVER BY KRIS DODDS

# Revise Vagrancy Law, Say Experts

**Total revision of California's vagrancy law, drafted in 1872, was urged at hearings held before the Assembly Interim Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights last month in San Francisco.**

The law was termed "very archaic" and entirely inadequate to meet modern conditions by District Attorney Thomas C. Lynch of San Francisco.

Arthur H. Sherry, professor of criminal law at the University of California's School of Criminology, called the statute " completely indefensible."

"It certainly needs revision, " Sherry said and quoted the opening words of the vagrancy law: "Every person, except a California Indian..."

"Any law that begins that way should be rewritten completely and reframed in the light of modern statutes," he said.

Lynch claimed he did not defend the San Francisco police practice of booking people as "$1000 vagrants". The charge requires bail of $1000.

"My deputies have orders they are to move for dismissal of vagrancy charges on the first calling in court if there is no policeman present to make out a case."

A statistical breakdown of vagrancy arrests in San Francisco produced by police as result of charges that $1000 vagrancy bookings are largely directed against Negroes disclosed that of 1336 arrests for common vagrancy in 1957, 23% were Negroes; of 2550 arrests for $1000 vagrancy, 55% were Negroes.

( continued on Page 17)

# open letter to Assemblyman
# *John A. O'Connell*

HON. JOHN A. O'CONNELL, CHAIRMAN
ASSEMBLY INTERIM SUBCOMMITTEE ON CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

DEAR SIR:

WE HAVE FOLLOWED THE RECENT HEARINGS OF YOUR COMMITTEE IN SAN FRANCISCO WITH CONSIDERABLE INTEREST AND ARE HEARTILY IN ACCORD WITH THE TESTIMONY DECLARING CALIFORNIA'S VAGRANCY LAW AS "VERY ARCHAIC", "COMPLETELY INDEFENSIBLE" AND SADLY IN NEED OF REVISION.

WE NOTED WITH INTEREST TOO THE IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF WITNESSES, WHICH ASIDE FROM LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS INCLUDED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE - AND EVEN THE MUCH PUBLICIZED "BEAT GENERATION" (MORE POPULARLY KNOWN IN THE BAY AREA AS THE BEATNIKS). A VERY REPRESENTATIVE GROUP WE MUST ADMIT. YET WE DO FEEL SOMEHOW THAT ANOTHER VOICE SHOULD BE RAISED IN BEHALF OF STILL ANOTHER MINORITY GROUP WHICH IS VULNERABLE TO OFFICIAL PERSECUTION, DENIAL OF DUE PROCESS OF LAW AND EXTRAPMENT. WE SPEAK FOR THE MUCH MALIGNED AND MISUNDERSTOOD HOMOSEXUAL MINORITY - CONSTITUTING MANY THOUSANDS OF PERSONS IN CALIFORNIA.

AS MOST TESTIMONY BEFORE THE COMMITTEE CALLED FOR REVISION OF THE VAGRANCY LAWS WHICH CERTAINLY "COVER A MULTITUDE OF SINS", WE WOULD ASK THAT YOU REVIEW ALSO THOSE SECTIONS PERTAINING TO SEX CRIMES AND RELATED OFFENSES. CERTAINLY THERE SHOULD BE A RE-DEFINITION OF THOSE OFFENSES IN THE LIGHT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PSYCHOLOGICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES, SUCH AS THE FAMOUS KINSEY REPORTS AND THE SEXUAL DEVIATION RESEARCH CONDUCTED BY THE LANGLEY PORTER CLINIC UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. KARL H. BOWMAN.

IT IS GENERALLY CONCEDED BY THE EXPERTS IN THE FIELD THAT THE CAUSE

OF HOMOSEXUALITY IS STILL AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY, THAT IT IS A PROCESS OF DEVELOPMENT AND NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE, THAT THE INCIDENCE CANNOT BE CONTROLLED BY LEGISLATION, THAT THE FEAR AND INSECURITY IMPOSED UPON THE HOMOSEXUAL BY PREJUDICED AND OUTMODED LAWS HAMPER THE THERAPIST IN HIS EFFORTS TO HELP THE INDIVIDUAL MAKE HIS ADJUSTMENT TO HIMSELF AND SOCIETY, AND FINALLY THAT LEGAL PROHIBITIONS BENEFIT NO ONE BUT THE BLACKMAILERS.

STEPS TO REMEDY SUCH UNJUST AND PASSE LAWS HAVE BEEN TAKEN RECENTLY IN ENGLAND. THE WOLFENDEN COMMITTEE RECOMMENDED TO PARLIAMENT THAT ENGLISH LAW BE CHANGED SO THAT HOMOSEXUAL BEHAVIOR BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS IN PRIVATE NO LONGER BE CONSIDERED A CRIMINAL OFFENSE. THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND HAS APPROVED THE REPORT AND ONLY LAST MONTH THE ENGLISH METHODIST CHURCH WENT ON RECORD TO URGE THE PASSAGE OF THE WOLFENDEN RECOMMENDATIONS, STATING THAT THE LAW SHOULD NOT INTERFERE WITH PRIVATE HOMOSEXUAL CONDUCT "UNLESS THAT CONDUCT IS CLEARLY DETRIMENTAL TO THE PUBLIC GOOD IN AN EXTRAORDINARY DEGREE."

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY THE AMERICAN LAW INSTITUTE HAS SPENT YEARS OF WORK IN DRAFTING A MODEL PENAL CODE WHICH WOULD MODIFY THE ANTIQUATED STATUTES NOW ON THE BOOKS. IT IS CERTAINLY TO BE HOPED THAT SPECIAL STUDY BE GIVEN TO THIS DOCUMENT OF MODERN LEGAL THOUGHT BEFORE ANY REVISIONS TO CALIFORNIA LAWS ARE CONSIDERED.

WE BELIEVE THAT THE PRACTICAL SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM IS TO JUDGE SEX ACTIVITY ON THE GROUNDS OF WHETHER OR NOT SOCIETY IS HARMED. HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITY BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS IN PRIVATE IS NOT HARMFUL TO SOCIETY. HOWEVER, THERE MUST NECESSARILY BE PROTECTION GIVEN THE PUBLIC AGAINST OFFENDERS WHERE ASSAULT, FORCE OR VIOLENCE IS INVOLVED; IN THE CASES OF MOLESTING CHILDREN WHETHER THEY BE HOMOSEXUAL OR HETEROSEXUAL IN NATURE; AND AGAINST INDECENT PUBLIC BEHAVIOR. WE ARE NOT ASKING FOR LICENSE, BUT RATHER A REALISTIC APPROACH TO AN EVER-GROWING PROBLEM.

WE WOULD ASK THE COMMITTEE TO GIVE CONSIDERATION TOO TO THE LAWS REQUIRING PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN CONVICTED OF A HOMOSEXUAL ACT TO REGISTER WITH THE POLICE AS A SEXUAL PSYCHOPATH ON ENTERING THE COMMUNITY. THIS LAW, BESIDE BEING UNFAIR, IS IN OUR OPINION UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

WE ALSO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE TACTICS OF CERTAIN LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES WHERE THE USE OF DECOYS IS EMPLOYED TO ENTICE INDI-

VIDUALS INTO ENGAGING IN A HOMOSEXUAL OVERT ACT LEADING TO ARREST. IT WOULD SEEM TO US THAT THE FIRST DUTY OF THE POLICE IS TO PREVENT, NOT TO PUNISH CRIME - CERTAINLY NOT TO INCITE OR CREATE CRIME FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF ITS PROSECUTION AND PUNISHMENT.

YOU AND YOUR COMMITTEE HAVE SET YOURSELVES A REAL TASK, MR. O'CONNELL. THERE HAVE BEEN LOTS OF WORDS - SPOKEN AND WRITTEN - ON THE NEED FOR REVISIONS IN OUR STATUTES. WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT OUT OF YOUR INVESTIGATIONS WILL COME DEFINITE ACTION TOWARD LONG NEEDED REMEDIAL LEGISLATION FOR AN EQUITABLE, REALISTIC AND ENFORCEABLE PENAL CODE.

OUR VERY BEST WISHES IN YOUR ENDEAVORS,

DEL MARTIN, PRESIDENT
DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

NEW YORK MEETING SCHEDULED FOR SEPTEMBER 7 FOR ALL WOMEN INTERESTED IN THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

A MEETING WILL BE HELD SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, IN THE OFFICES OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY, 1183 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, FOR ALL WOMEN IN THE NEW YORK AREA WHO ARE INTERESTED IN FORMING A CHAPTER OF THE DOB.

ON HAND WILL BE DEL MARTIN, PRESIDENT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, AND PHYLLIS LYON, EDITOR OF THE LADDER. THE MEETING, WHICH WILL BE INFORMAL IN NATURE, WILL BEGIN AT 2 P.M.

WE URGE ALL WOMEN INTERESTED IN THE DOB, THE LADDER, AND IN FORMING A CHAPTER OF THE DOB, TO BE PRESENT. TELEPHONE NUMBER OF THE OFFICE IS CIRCLE 5-1868.

THOSE OF YOU IN THE NEW YORK AREA MAY ALSO BE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING THE MATTACHINE CONVENTION OVER LABOR DAY WEEKEND. A PRE-CONVENTION PARTY WILL BE HELD FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, AT THE SOCIETY'S OFFICE - CHARGE IS $2.00. THE CONVENTION BEGINS SATURDAY, AUGUST 30. SESSIONS WILL BE HELD IN THE YACHT ROOM OF THE BARBIZON-PLAZA. FIFTEEN DOLLARS INCLUDES LUNCH AND DINNER ON SATURDAY, BRUNCH ON SUNDAY PLUS ADMISSION TO ALL SESSIONS SATURDAY AND SUNDAY. A GREAT MANY INTERESTING SPEAKERS ARE SCHEDULED FOR THE TWO DAYS. RESERVATIONS SHOULD BE MADE TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN ABOVE.

# Chanson du Konallis

A Story by EMILY JONES

She was exquisite.

The gown was a plain white sheath. The body beneath, one long shimmering river of movement; restrained and delicate. The arms reached up, in the mood of the song, and pulled the emotion of the taut melody to her finger tips. The voice, in Gallic tremulo, gave out at once passion and indifference. Monmartre haunted the room.

Mon coeur a de la peine
C'est qu'il pense a Paris
Au vieus Paris sur Seine.

Konnie watched the singer and listened to the words. She translated effortlessly in her mind: "When my heart is in pain - Paris..." Paris indeed. Men had made Paris a woman in the mind. Indeed. She fingered her drink, the narrow frosted glass with a puff of fizz crowning it and the cherry floating atop. The cherry looked like her nails; red and gleaming even in the dark room. "It's because of Paris, Old Paris on the Seine." Paris the woman. She lifted her glass and drank the coldness of the cocktail. Paul was all but gone. The thing he had for these synthetic chanteuses. It was all he ever needed; one night like this in an intimate club with some American girl up there singing in one of those cultivated French singing voices and accents. Then, he was set for months. They moved him. She did not look at him. She knew how he looked. His eyes rather full of life at the moment, his lips moist and full of pleasure. His hand, finely manicured and beautiful, lying perhaps on the white cloth of the table, toying no doubt with a mixing stick. When they got home, he would speak French to her until he went to sleep . . .

M'a donne les plus grandes joies
Et vers lui je reviens sans cesse
C'ps l'ami que l'on n'oublie pas...

Konnie looked up to the singer again. She was a marvelous looking creature at that. Paul had talked for weeks about their coming to see this one. Konnie studied her. Yes - this one was exceptional. The voice - the voice really knew what it was doing. The rises and thrusts were honest and well placed and the tongue seemed to love the French. That was good. French had come early in her life and she always hated that strained thing that Americans could do to it; only the English were worse. But this girl - she took another drink and let the words turn into English in her head again: "Has given me the deepest joys...I always come back to her...She is the friend one can never forget..."

"Bon!" she found herself saying almost aloud to the girl singing from the middle of the night club floor, "Bon!" Her eyes fixed themselves on the singer's face. It was all planes. Marvelous planes. The cheek bones high; the full lips sensuous beyond description; and the eyes like dark slanted slashes across the face...The eyes! Konnie shifted in her seat and looked quickly to the table. What a strange moment. It had happened before in life. On the street; parties; in classes in school years back; the thing of being surrounded by many people and suddenly finding another girl's or woman's eyes, commanding one, holding one's own. It was extraordinary. Pleasant, she thought. No, not pleasant. Terrifying because of the kind of pleasure it brought. Yes - oddly enough the most supreme kind of pleasure. She smiled to herself. It was, aside from whatever else, an amusing play on the sense of English words. Pleasant was wrong to describe it, but pleasure, ah!

"Isn't she quite marvelous, darling?" Paul had lain his hand on Konnie's.

"C'est bon!" she said and lifted her glass in a salute to him. He laughed that special laugh of his to show that he knew she was a little tipsy, and that he was delighted about it. He longed, she knew, for an extension of any aspect of her rare frivolity in their everyday life. She couldn't help him. He had taken pains to marry Konalia Martin-Whitside of the Washington Martin-Whitsides, and what he got, he got! Reserve. Buckets

and buckets of reserve. Her family had grown reserve in Virginia for generations and she was a true harvest. She smiled at her imagery. Occasionally she had pangs about various unfortunate things, including her marriage, but she kept them rare. She had a simple design for life which made rarity of thought quite possible and desirable. It was, of course, that life was a rather simple but endurable bore. Moreover, she had everything splendidly under control; she was able to prohibit at will whatever unpleasant or rebellious thoughts that occurred to her. She had cultivated that as her family had cultivated reserve.

She looked again to the lovely one in the center of the floor who was singing something a little more lively. Her arms had come down from the air and were moving about in front of her in rhythym to the song. Konnie studied the brown skin for several seconds before it occurred to her that she was admiring it. Whatever must it be like to wander about looking perfectly suntouched all the time? She suddenly giggled aloud. It was so wild, the things one might think privately. She took another drink and the images tumbled down easily from the reaches of her mind that were still full of adolescent fantasy:

> Egyptian queens...striding along mammoth corridors in the temples (or palaces or whatever the hell they usually strode along) graceful the way only queens could be (one was taught!)...in something white and tight and gathered at the hips with those long pleats hanging down to the golden sandal tops (or was that simply a movie vision of a brown painted Vivian Leigh from a later time? Heavens!) Her mind lingered a moment with Vivian Leigh... Anyhow - Egyptian queens...very young, very supple and very beautiful with the stiff black hair hidden under those curiously attractive head dresses as on all those vases and ghings...Cleopatra? No - not Cleopatra, she was Greek or something. This particular queen would be darker - like the Nile without moonlight; with high cheek bones and -

(Continued on page 20)

# CRIME STORY

I watched an excellent and unusual panel Sunday night at 11:00 p.m., July 20th, KTLA, Channel 5. The program "Crime Story" was presenting "Part III - Sex Crimes: One of the Nation's Problems." The announcer wanted it made clear that the opinions expressed on the program were not necessarily those of KTLA and then the program got under way. It was admirably handled and guided by Mr. Bill Bradley, the moderator.

The panel was composed of Dr. Isadore Zifferstein, psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, who had previously worked at the Iowa State Penetentiary for four years; Attorney Herbert Selwyn of Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. Graves, psychiatrist, an assistant at San Quentin and a member of the Friends' Subcommittee for Legislation on the California Penal Code, and Fred Otash, private detective, former Los Angeles policeman and "an authority on all types of crime," according to the moderator.

The first topic for panel discussion was to define a sex crime. To Dr. Zifferstein a sex crime was a sexual act which harmed another individual. He did not consider a sex act between consenting adults which did no physical harm to each other a sex crime. Mr. Otash took off on Sec. 288A of the California Penal Code. This involved "sex perversion" and more precisely, copulation by mouth. It was Mr. Otash's opinion that this "sex crime" was the most prevalent in the nation. In most cases that the police deal with, where the charge could be violation of Sec. 288A, the charge is reduced to a simple "Vag-Lewd" charge. Husband and wife can commit this crime, but the police are not going to go peeking into their bedroom, generally speaking. It was because husbands and wives could also commit these "un-natural acts" that contributed to the high theoretical incidence of this "sex crime" in Mr. Otash's opinion. Mr. Selwyn spoke of "direct sex crimes" which involved sexual organs and "indirect sex crimes" like burglary and arson which are frequently motivated by sexual conflicts. Dr. Zifferstein, reacting to Mr. Otash's definition of a sex criminal - namely anyone who broke the penal code in this regard - said that, "Yes, the penal code regarding sexual acts would make nearly every American citi-

zen a 'sex criminal.'" However, he felt that a great error was involved and that the term sex criminal should only apply to those who used sex as a means to perpetrating harmful acts upon other persons. Dr. Graves seemed to concur with Dr. Zifferstein.

"Are all homosexuals sex criminals and why do they receive special consideration?" On this topic Mr. Otash felt that all homosexuals were sex criminals by the letter of the law. Further, in his opinion, this was rightly so. He felt that homosexuals went about breeding more homosexuals, simply by contact. According to him they could not keep to their own kind but "preyed on normal men" and converted them to their way of life. Mr. Otash seemed to grow exceedingly weary of the constant use of the term "homosexual" and retorted at one point, "You may call them homosexuals; I call them 'fags.'" Mr. Selwyn said that he would leave the question to the psychiatrists as to whether a homosexual could convert a "normal man" to a homosexual simply with one or two casual sex experiences. However, he was most interested in the manner in which the police got their evidence and their "homosexual sex criminals." He mentioned the peephole technique in "commodes" and the quasi-entrapment methods widely used by the vice squad. In the former, he felt that while the men involved were indiscreet to have sexual acts in a public place, that nevertheless it could hardly be assumed that they were other than consenting adults and both homosexuals and that this should not be penalized so high as 15 years in jail. In the latter, the technique consisted of playing up to a homosexual's weakness, getting him to make a "pass," and then flashing a badge. Mr. Selwyn took a dim view, indeed, of this latter practice.

Mr. Otash seemed to be stung at this bald statement of police tactics and said in defense that while he had been one of those staked out at peephole sights in public "commodes" at Venice, Calif., that the police did not do this without complaints - that complaints had come in that homosexuals were seducing children and propositioning normal men in the latrines - that the police investigated, found this to be true and took to jail the offenders.

Mr. Selwyn wished all sex crimes to be divided into three parts; those perpetrated by force, those involving children, and those involving consenting adults. The latter group he felt should be removed from the category

altogether. He did not believe that the percentage of homosexuals that molested children could be nearly as high as the percentage of heterosexuals that molested children - from the simple fact of there being not more than from five to ten homosexuals per 100 of population, coupled with the incidence of this sex deviation of child molesting in both groups. Dr. Zifferstein felt that all this "peeping and prying" only gave evidence and continuing climate to the undercurrent of feeling that there is a special dirtiness about sex in general. Dr. Graves was queried as to the incidence of homosexuality in prison. He guessed that at times it could go as high as 50 percent of the male population - but that it was looked upon differently in prison than in the outside society. By the psychiatrists it was called "situational sex behavior" - that is, something most of the men involved would not do if they had normal outlets for their sex drives, and that therefore it was not judged as harshly by prison officials, although they tried to keep homosexual practises to a minimum. Dr. Graves did not feel that homosexual criminals should be given any more special treatment than any other criminal. All criminals were special unto themselves, he felt, and should all be treated for their own individual problems.

Mr. Selwyn queried Dr. Graves as to the feasibility of allowing prisoners the right to have sexual intercourse with their wives or sweethearts as is permitted in Mexican jails. Would not this practise cut down on the "situational homosexuality?" Dr. Graves agreed that it probably would if there were some way to bring about our society's acceptance of this practice. Dr. Zifferstein pointed out that our society was basically an anti-sexual society, not just an anti-homosexual society. He implied that it was because of this there were so many sex deviates, homosexuals included. Homosexuals, per se, he did not feel were dangerous to the common good. The "homosexual neurosis" was no worse than any other neurosis to him. Dr. Graves did not seem necessarily to agree with Dr. Zifferstein as to homosexuality being a neurosis to start with. In this society where homosexuality is connected with great moral repugnance, he felt that naturally most homosexuals were going to get neurotic over the state of affairs, if they hadn't been to start with.

The next question was directed to Mr. Otash. Why is there such a big difference in the viewpoints of Law, Law

Enforcement and Medical Opinion? Mr. Otash's answer was an embattled, "If you think these people are all right, you should change the law." Mr. Selwyn and the rest of the panel agreed wholeheartedly. After all, the police don't draft the laws, but are duty bound to enforce them. The laws should be changed where warrented, they felt, so that the police would not have this problem. Regarding the original question, Dr. Zifferstein felt that the 'difference' lay in the occupational hazard of each job. The policeman, he felt, frequently became involved in the "cops and robbers" chase at the expense of human values. The psychiatrist and social workers were inclined to become involved in the human values to the exclusion of all else. He felt, however, that if one had to be biased, the latter bias was a better one. Mr. Selwyn felt that there needed to be a balance between social protection and the rights of the individual and that all groups involved should keep that need uppermost in mind.

At one point in the discussion Mr. Otash interjected a very important question to Dr. Zifferstein. The question was essentially this: Do you feel that sex should be taught children in the schools and do you believe this would help the present situation? Dr. Zifferstein said that he did, but that he also felt that sex training should start in the home with a forthright and honest answer to the child's first question on the subject, and should continue in that manner without fear or shame attached. However, he continued, considering the way most parents were fouled up about sex and the manner in which they did or did not answer their children left one with the definite feeling that better they had "stood in bed" than said anything on the subject.

- Sten Russell

QUESTIONNAIRES STILL AVAILABLE

Despite the date mentioned on the cover sheet of the Daughters of Bilitis sociological questionnaire, we still want people to answer, and to request additional questionnaires.

To date we have approximately 150 returned - we have sent out about 500. It would be appreciated if those who have not returned the questionnaires would do so. This cannot be a representative survey without your help.

# LESBIANA

80. THE LAST INNOCENCE BY CELIA BERTIN. McGRAW-HILL, 1955.

VERY WELL WRITTEN STORY OF A FRENCH UPPER CLASS FAMILY. THE DAUGHTER, PAULA, IS AN ACTIVE, ADMITTED LESBIAN UNTIL HER LATE 30S. WHEN SHE BEGINS TO FEAR OLD AGE AND LONELINESS SHE MARRIES A WEAK SPINELESS FORMER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

81. NIKKI BY KEVIN MACRAE. VANTAGE PRESS, 1955.

A HAPPY, HAPPY GAY BOOK. A REAL TREAT FOR EVERYONE TIRED OF BLOODY ENDINGS. NIKKI AND ALL OF HER TALENTED, LOVELY FRIENDS IN AN IDYLLIC PARADISE OF LESBIANS OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES. THROUGH TEARS AND TROUBLE LOVE TRIUMPHS.

82. MY SISTER, MY BELOVED BY EDWINA MARKS. CITADEL PRESS, 1955.

A STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA WRITTEN BY A NEPHEW OF CLIFTON FADIMAN NAMED EDWIN J. FADIMAN, UNDER THIS FEMININE PSEUDONYM. A STORY OF THE LESBIAN PASSION OF TWO HALF-SISTERS. THE LOVE STORY IS SINCERE ON THE PART OF THE ELDER AND ONLY FOR PLEASURE ON THE PART OF THE YOUNGER. THIS ONE LEAVES A BITTER TASTE. ONLY FOR THE STRONG IN STOMACH.

83. REMEMBRANCE WAY BY JESSIE REHDER. PUTNAM, 1956.

AN EMBITTERED 40 YEAR-OLD WOMAN REVIEWS HER LIFE AND THE FAILURE OF HER MARRIAGE. SHE BLAMES ALL OF HER MISFORTUNE ON THE UNSUCCESSFUL AND HOPELESS PASSIONATE LOVE OF ANOTHER GIRL IN HER LATE ADOLESCENCE. A BOOK TO REMEMBER - A BEAUTIFUL, ALMOST UNREAL STORY.

84. THE LORD HAVE MERCY BY SHELLEY SMITH. HARPER, 1956.

AN ENGLISH NOVEL OF SUSPENSE. THE MAIN SUPPORTING CHARACTERS IN THIS DELIGHTFUL MYSTERY ARE A LESBIAN AND HER LOVE. IN THE COURSE OF THE BOOK THEY NEARLY ADOPT A CHILD. THE AFFAIR IS HAPPY AND PERMANENT AT THE NOVEL'S CONCLUSION.

# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, AUGUST 29-31 - MATTACHINE SOCIETY CONVENTION IN NEW YORK. SEE PAGE 7 FOR DETAILS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5 - GAB 'N JAVA AT 2217 FILLMORE ST., 8 P.M. INFORMAL DISCUSSION FOR WOMEN ONLY.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7 - MEETING FOR ALL WOMEN IN THE NEW YORK AREA INTERESTED IN THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS. SEE PAGE 7.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10 - DOB BUSINESS MEETING. ALL MEMBERS ARE URGED TO ATTEND SINCE THIS IS THE LAST MEETING BEFORE ELECTIONS IN OCTOBER. AT 8 P.M., 2174 CALIFORNIA ST., BASEMENT APARTMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 - PARTY FOR DOB MEMBERS AND GUESTS. FOR INFORMATION AS TO THE TIME AND PLACE CALL THE OFFICE BY THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4 - LADDER ASSEMBLING TIME. FROM NOON ON AT THE DOB OFFICE 165 O'FARRELL ST. BRING YOUR FRIENDS AND SPEND A COUPLE OF HOURS HELPING US ASSEMBLE AND MAIL THE LADDER. WE CAN'T MANAGE WITHOUT YOUR HELP.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1 - HOLD THIS DATE OPEN FOR THE ANNUAL DOB HALLOWE'EN PARTY. COSTUME OR MASK REQUIRED. FURTHER DETAILS LATER. FOR MEMBERS AND GUESTS ONLY.

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COMING NEXT ISSUE

WE DIDN'T MANAGE TO FIND ROOM FOR ALL THE MATERIAL WE PROMISED YOU LAST MONTH THAT WE'D HAVE IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE. THE ARTICLE DELVING INTO THE REPRESSED LESBIAN WILL APPEAR WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. NEXT MONTH WE WILL HAVE COVERAGE OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY CONVENTION AND THE MID-SUMMER MEETING BEING HELD BY ONE, INC. IN ADDITION, READERS RESPOND WILL BE BACK PLUS SOME STORIES AND POEMS.

## REVISE VAGRANCY LAWS SAY EXPERTS

(continued from Page 4)

The suggestion that police officers should be made financially responsible for false arrests, through bonding paid for by the communities, was made by several speakers during the two-day hearing.

Philip Erbsen, a member of the criminal law and procedure committee of the State Bar, said Los Angeles police arrested 15,000 persons last year and then let them go after taking fingerprints and photographs. He urged legislation to provide for destruction of arrest records when a person is not taken to court.

Other witnesses suggested a study be made of the practice of booking arrested persons as en route to some other city, merely to hold them for further investigation. Attorney John Adams, Jr., representing the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, asserted, for instance, that the "en route" booking is purely fictitious in most cases and that such arrests are made in minority populated districts.

Attorney General Edmund G. Brown defended "detention" and booking "en route and retention of these records as well as those "held on suspicion" in police and State files.

Lawrence Speiser, San Francisco attorney and counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, pointed out the unfairness of a person's having to go through life with an arrest record standing when his case has been dismissed. Speiser maintained also that in the case of illegal arrest, it should be the individual's right to resist such an arrest. He expressed the extremely high cost of bringing action for false arrest against police authorities.

Regarding future legislation, Speiser made the following concrete recommendations:

1. Police should inform an arrested person of his arrest at the time of booking.
2. Police should inform the arrested individual of his rights concerning bail.

3. The individual should be notified of the specific charges and given the name of the arresting officer.
4. The arrested person should be allowed three telephone calls - to an attorney, to his family and to a bondsman - with the state paying for calls.
5. Definite standards for officers to follow should be set up.
6. Standard statewide booking methods should be established.
7. Juvenile courts should be overhauled.

Ralph Guzman, a member of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union in Los Angeles, testified that police there dispensed "sidewalk justice" in the form of unprovoked beatings in the city's big Mexican colony. He said it was difficult to find lawyers to take cases and doctors to testify where innocent people were illegally and brutally beaten up. He advocated legislation making it easier for the public to obtain redress from over-zealous officers.

A bearded character known as Eric Nord pleaded the cause of the Beat Generation, accused police of harrassing Beatniks in San Francisco's North Beach area and defended his customers as individualists asking only that they be left alone to live happily and peacefully. He acknowledged that business had improved, however, since the alleged police harrassment began.

District Attorney Lynch said he had "a violent objection" to proposed legislation that would require the prosecution to disclose the identity of confidential informants in all cases.

"Let's be realistic", he said. "The defense knows the informants' name 999 out of 1000 cases and usually the defense attorney is just putting on a show in demanding the name of the informant. ... It's been a little ludicrous at times."

Assemblyman John A. O'Connell, chairman of the committee conducting the hearing, observed that some critics argue that the vagrancy law as now stated is so comprehensive it enables the police to arrest almost anyone and that it

as been used to circumvent the State Supreme Court ban on illegally obtained evidence.

Professor Sherry, without discussing the merits of the ruling, noted that it was largely the product of what some considered improper police tactics.

"It seems a little odd to discipline officers by a rule ofevidence," he added. "The courts write a rule of law and assume some one will tell the police about it - and that's a big assumption. Then they assume some one will supervise, direct and control. ... But there is absolutely no machinery for carrying this out."

Sherry advocated a new approach to the problem - with the emphasis on educating police officers in some of the finer points of the law as they emerge through legislation or court decision. In the absence of such a system, he said, the State Penal Code has become "a kind of do-it-yourself handbook" for law enforcement officers.

Alfred Arnaud, legal adviser of the San Francisco Police Department, told the committee that rookies were required to take a 14-week course of six hours per week on constitutional and individual rights under the direction of Dr. Carlo Lastrucci, professor at San Francisco State College.

When Arnaud went on to show a large sheet of arrests and the great percentage of those released, Chairman O'Connell expressed deep surprise that all the arrests were made without warrants and "all" booked as "suspicion of felonies". However, Mr. Arnaud explained that there were other arrests not indicated on the chart.

Gregory Stout, San Francisco attorney, told of great shakedowns among those arrested under the "Vag-lewd" statutes. Officers intimidated those arrested under this law (section 647.5) to plead guilty to another dragnet "catch-all" law referring to disturbing the peace (section 650.5) so that they would not have to register under section 290 as a sex offender. He quoted judges as saying, "Leave section 647.5 to our learned judges, for we can interpret." However, Mr. Stout pointed out there is prejudice, even among our judges. He commented that most "toilet cases" should

be under a new section of the code or amended to section 311 (indecent exposure) rather than classified as "vag-lewd."

Testimony obtained in these hearings will be used by the Interim Subcommittee of Constitutional Rights for future recommendations for changes in the penal code by the State Legislature.

CHANSON DU KONALLIS

(Continued from page 8)

and full, impossibly sensuous lips - like - like her!

Konnie sat up in her seat abruptly and put her glass down. That would be quite enough of that! This thing of allowing the mind to do what it would lately - well - it really was a little too much. She must go to the ladies' room and adjust her make-up and look at herself and quiet it all down if Nefertiti up there would ever finish! Ah! Nefertiti! That was the one. . . !

She looked at the singer again and there they were, the eyes, waiting. Something not unlike pain shot through Konalia Martin-Whitside Heplin, II and she trembled. She did not drop her eyes this time. Why should she? There was pleasure in the looking, she thought suddenly, wildly, yes, she would look right back at her! And she did. And the two very black ones in the center of the room smiled at her and talked to her, and the smoky, dark lashes opened and closed for her - and Konalia Martin-Whitside Heplin, II sat and looked back and felt insane with pleasure.

Pleasure. Why had pleasure so frightened her in the past? Why must one constantly run from it? Control it? Who were all those dead people who were deciding things from their graves? All those generations of highly respected poor old souls who had done this or that in their lives; founded this or that. What had they to do with her! Why was she so bound to them? Who had made them right about everything? And why -? Pleasure indeed. Had they

ever had any? And if they had who were they to deny her? Or if they hadn't who were they to be experts in the matter? Pleasure indeed! Paris indeed! Paris. Paris the woman. Paris a woman. Paris and Lila. Lila and Paris. Lila. Lila pushing through high grass of a French meadow; Lila with the small body and the golden hair. Lila. And she, Konalia, with her shoes and stockings off, racing about the hills, shrieking, wild things about France and summer, her hair flying - free and seventeen. Seventeen and free ...free..free. Konalia the shepherdess - from Washington, D.C. And the overpowering memory that would not go away: that indestructible second; that flash of impossibility of a small and lovely blonde girl leaning, laughing, panting against her as they posed for the picture...her cotton dress damp and sweet against her...

Konalia lifted one hand suddenly as if to stop herself. How foolish! How destructive! Why ever must that silly image persist, so many years between, why ever must it persist! She was not, after all, a goat girl. And she was indeed Konalia Martin Whitside Heplin, II. And that was rather that! The liquor started to fade with the thoughts. Moreover, upbringing had come to a pretty pass indeed when she could actually sit around like - like - well, one of those women - ogling colored girl singers! She certainly was not like that, or a blasted goat girl.

"Would you like to meet her, Konnie?" Paul was leaning toward her again. His eyes lit with his most boyish expectancy. "I know the manager here. He might-"

She heard her own voice and it was marvelously normal, cool, proper, the essence of disdain. "Are you quite mad, Paul?"

"Well, why not? I mean if she would join us - I think it would be fascinating."

"And I think you carry your fascination too far for taste." She turned her head from him, so that the total effect of the long, beautiful, aristocratic profile could work its magic. Remind him, drive him back to his senses.

"I - I thought you enjoyed her," Paul said, his voice

near a slight whine.

"That doesn't mean, my dear husband, that I must have her to luncheon tomorrow."

"Who the hell said anything about luncheon?"

"Please don't swear."

"Well please don't work so hard at being a blasted snob. You don't have to, you know, it's built in."

"If you really wish to spend the evening insulting me, Paul, we might as well go home. I'm quite ready in any case."

Paul exhausted his hands in the air a little. "I don't wish to insult you and I don't wish to go home either. I just want to have a nice evening. And if you could forget for five minutes that old David Whitside almost made it over on the Mayflower..."

"Really, Paul-!"

"Look, all I want is your permission to ask the manager if Miss Tige would care to join us at our table. It is so simple and it could be interesting. I can't imagine what all the fuss is for."

"I am not making a fuss."

"Then let me invite her," Paul pleaded, more boyishly than ever. "She'll probably refuse anyhow. They say she's very difficult."

Konalia turned her eyes cooly, hardly looking out from under her lids at him. "Good heavens, I've married a celebrity collector!"

"Oh, Konnie!" Paul Heplin sat back then with disgust and defeat and looked at his wife with total unfriendliness. Then suddenly he sat up and lifted his fingers in the air for the waiter who was there like clockwork.

"Paul, whatever do you think you are going to do?"

Her husband ignored her and spoke to the waiter briefly in the ear. The man bowed and was off to the manager's office.

Paul sat back with satisfaction. "Well, we'll see what we shall see. If the name Heplin still means anything around here we shall soon meet Miss Mirine Tige personally." He giggled then, "Where ever do you suppose these girls dream up these names!"

"Well-!" Konalia said, "Well!" She rose from the table and Paul leaped to his feet looking frightened.

"Darling-"

"I am going to the ladies' room, if you don't mind." Paul sat down and watched his wife make her way to the ladies' room and felt warmly how she really could go along with things when she wanted to.

When Konalia came back to the table the singer was seated and Paul was holding a one-sided if animated conversation. Paul stood up as his wife came up, grinning happily. "Darling - this is Miss Mirine Tige. Miss Tige this is my wife."

"How do you do," Konalia said cooly and sat down. In the second she took to look at Mirine Tige close up she was startled to see that the mirage on the club floor was real and true. The young woman had apparently removed some of the heavier performing make-up, and Konnie could see that she was at least as young as Paul had insisted.

Paul rushed on conversationally. "Your command of French is simply marvelous. My wife and I have spent a great deal of time in Europe since we were quite young and I daresay our accents can't compare to yours, even though Konalia speaks it beautifully. Did you study it as a child, perhaps?"

Konnie watched the woman lift her eyes to Paul with cool, dry, indifference, "On a sharecropper's farm in Georgia?"

Konalia would have let herself laugh ordinarily, but something in her consciously rebelled at the insolence that she felt exuded from the woman. She hardly represented the Old South or any of that, but really! There were just some things one maintained. Tradition, it was true, was almost mystical in the way it bound one. But, nonetheless, it did bind one, thank God! Furthermore she could see that her husband was himself a little taken back by the abruptness of the reply. People rarely resisted Paul's social charms and women almost never.

Paul tried again. "Did you like France?"

Mirine Tige looked at him again. "France is France."

Paul Heplin looked a little beaten, but not quite. "Yes - but the French have such a marvelous thing. I mean I think it is quite true about the French attitude, don't you?"

"About what?"

"Well," Paul Heplin lifted his eyebrows a little helplessly, "About everything. That's just what I mean."

"Oh."

"Perhaps you think differently. Having seen it from a different point of view. I mean as an entertainer."

Mirine Tige sighed a little. "I have been in many different countries, Mr. Heplin. France was simply another one. I found there what I found everywhere. That it was a country full of men and women. Some of whom were charming; others bores - still others beasts." She looked away.

Konalia looked at the woman. Her voice was certainly as compelling in speech as in song. Surely the most dramatic voice she had ever heard.

"Did you like France, Madame?" Mirine Tige switched to French unexpectedly and Konnie almost jumped realizing that the voice made up of guitar chords was coming at her.

"Uh - Oui - I find French culture extraordinary and satisfying. Yes, I think it is a unique country."

Mirine Tige nodded at her in the continental way of chanteuses and went on in French. "May I compliment your accent, Madame, full of the classroom but charming."

Konalia felt outrage flood through her as she forced herself to give the only possible polite reply, "Merci, Mademoiselle."

Mirine Tige did not let go of her eyes and Konnie felt she was almost smiling behind the insolent lips. "What did you particularly adore about France, Madame?"

Paul shuffled in his seat. "Look - I think it's sort of affected to speak French at home. Like showing off or something, you know?"

Mirine Tige addressed him then in English. "Really? Why? I enjoy French because it is a beautiful language. Don't you enjoy speaking it?"

"Yes, of course, I love the language -" Paul began.

The singer's answer came back in French, "Then, Monsieur Heplin, why not speak it when you feel like it." She looked to Konalia, "and all else you enjoy. One might learn that from the French."

The conversational music ended from the piano and Mirine Tige prepared to leave them. She stood up and Paul rose politely. She offered him her hand and smiled at him. "It's been quite charming meeting you. I must get back to my work." She turned then to Konalia, "Madame."

Konalia murmured, "Yes. Very pleasant to have talked with you."

Mirine Tige did not offer Konalia Martin-Whitside Heplin, II her hand, but she stood a moment in front of her as if deciding something. Then she spoke. "I must tell you, Mrs. Heplin, that I came to your table because the manager told me, when he asked me, that you were the

handsome young couple at the front center table. So I came. I came -"

Konalia felt that the woman's body swayed in front of her suddenly as when she sang; then she realized that they were merely waves of loveliness that shimmered in front of her. She longed to close her eyes.

"I came," Mirine Tige was saying, "because out there where the lights play tricks on the faces of those who watch - you seemed like someone I knew once. In Paris. It was a mistake of course. Forgive me for staring. But," and Konalia wondered if she only imagined the hissing sadness in the remark, "the lights do play such tricks. Goodnight."

Paul and Konnie watched the young woman walk away from them toward her dressing room. Then Paul collapsed in his seat in a fit of laughter! "Well! She is rather difficult all right - but enchanting I thought."

Konnie looked at him and did not see him. Pleasant she had said, pleasant. It had not been pleasant at all; if anything, in those terms, it had been downright unpleasant. But the other - it had been so full of the other - plaisir.

"It was awful nice of you to be so sweet about the way I went about it, darling. It was nasty of me I'm afraid." He smiled at his wife a little sheepishly, with what in fact he had always considered was the smile to shatter her defenses. "But I'm sated now. Curiosity thoroughly satisfied. No more celebrity hunting! Happy?"

Konalia looked away. He was sated. The diversion was over for him. Tonight he would sing a few songs from Monmartre and fall asleep, completely satisfied after liquor and entertainment. Happy. And she - she put her fingers to her brow - she must have another drink, more and more that made it easier, just one drink before they left. Then at home in bed, she - she would lie there until dawn... cursing Paris; and French meadows...and Egyptian queens... and all those eyes that seemed to turn up in life...cursing Lila for her sweetness - and cursing Mirine Tige; and the idiocy of Greek mythology and whoever it was in her miserable family who had ever named her after a goat girl.

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